701 712 *[628] organize a raiding party of approximately 20 to 25 men.[1]

The smallest raiding party I saw during my field work comprised 10 men. This seems to be the lower limit to the size of an effective raiding party; most raiding parties are of the order of 35-40 men, although I have seen as many as 60 men leave on a raid.[2] There are several reasons why raiding parties require ten or more men. First, the Yanomamö are not brave warriors; in a party of 10 men, a significant fraction of them would rather remain in the village where it is safer, and these men always look for excuses to drop out of the raiding party before the party meets and joins the enemy. The usual excuses given are sickness or sore feet. Thus, even in small raiding parties there is considerable dissent among the men, particularly the younger ones. Such problems would be insurmountable if the party contained fewer than ten men, as even the most determined of the raiders would lose his enthusiasm by listening to the complaints and pessimistic comments of the more reluctant members of the raiding party. I accompanied one Monou-tedi raiding party a portion of the way to their objective; most of the younger men in the raiding party complained of having dysentery, malaria, or sore feet. I had promised to give them malaria

701 703 721 • 703 721 701 703 721 123 114

---

[1] This presumes that there are no sick or injured men in the village; there are always some.

*[628] [2] The larger raiding parties are always composite, involving the members of two or more villages.

701 pills before the raiding party left, but I forgot them.
703 This almost ended the raiding party, as the younger men
721 jumped on this as an excuse to stay home. The older men,
123 however, forced them into line and severly chastized them for
114 being cowardly.

701 Raiding tactics also require that approximately ten
721 men be included in the raiding party. The raiding party
725 usually splits into two or more groups when it approaches the village of the enemy. This increases the probability that the raid will be successful; two groups are more likely to confront individuals of the enemy village while at the same time splitting up reduces the possibility that the raiders will be accidentally discovered by the enemy. After the raiders shoot one or more of the enemy, they retreat in a standardized pattern. Groups of two men retreat a specified distance, their retreat being covered by two men who lie in ambush along the trail most likely to be taken by pursuers. The guarding pair then retreats, being covered by the first pair who lie in ambush. If the raiding party has separated into two groups, retreat tactics will necessitate at least 8 men.

721 The purpose of a raid is to kill one or more of the
727 enemy and retreat before being discovered. A raid is successful only if one or more of the enemy is killed and none of the raiders is wounded or killed. When a joint raiding party from Mahekodo-tedi and Bisaasi-tedi raided Riakowë's village in the early '50s to revenge the deaths of two

11: Chagnon E-5 (1964-1968) 1968 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18

and the men ran back to the respective houses, each making a noise—"Bububububububu"—as he ran. When they reached their hammocks, they all simulated vomiting, passing out of their mouths the rotten flesh of the enemy they had symbolically devoured in the line-up.

They retired for the night. Many of them wept and moaned, mourning the loss of their friend and kinsman, Damowä. At dawn the women went to the gardens and gathered large quantities of plantains. These were carried to the raiders, wrapped with their vine hammocks, and deposited outside the village for the men to collect as they marched in single file to war.

The men painted themselves black again (Fig. 5-3). Some even put on bright red loincloths which I had traded to them, as the warrior line-up is a spectacle in which the younger men can show off to the girls. The loincloths were left behind when the men departed. They tinkered with their bows and checked to see if the bowstrings were weak at any spot, sharpened their best arrow points, and waited nervously for Kąobawä to signal for the line-up to begin again. The *wayu itou* was repeated, each man marching to the center of the village and taking his place in line. This time, however, they did not sing the war song. They merely shouted, as they had done the previous night, waited for the echo to return, and marched dramatically out of the village. Their mothers and sisters wept or shouted last minute bits of advice as they left the village: "Don't get yourself shot up!" "You be careful now!"

The men picked up their supplies of food where the women had cached them and left for Patanowä-teri. Kąobawä had been complaining all year of severe pains in his lower back, abdomen, and urinal tract, and was in considerable pain when he walked. Still, he insisted on going on the raid, suspecting that the others would turn back if he did not lead it. The raiders had not been gone five hours when the first one came back, a boastful young man, complaining that he had a sore foot and could not keep up with the others. The next day a few more young men returned, complaining that they had malaria and pains in the stomach. They enjoyed participating in the pomp of the *wayu itou*, for this impressed the women, but were, at heart, cowards.

The raiders travel slowly their first day away from the village. They have heavy burdens of food and try to pace themselves so as to arrive in the enemy's territory just as their food runs out. They also attempt to reach a point in the enemy's neighborhood that will permit them to reach his village at dawn: far enough away so that enemy hunters will not discover their presence, but close enough to the village that they can reach it in an hour or so from their last camp.

The men use fire only when they camp at a considerable distance from the enemy's territory. As they approach their destination, they exercise greater caution. Their final evening is spent shivering in the darkness, since they dare not make a fire to warm themselves. Most of the raiders emphasized this, as sleeping without fire is considered to be both dangerous and uncomfortable. The danger lies in the possibility of jaguar attacks, but even more in the fear that spirits will molest the unprotected raiders. On the last evening the raiding party's fierce ones have difficulties with the younger men; most of them are afraid, cold, and worried about every sort of hazard, and all of them complain of sore feet and belly aches.

The raiders always develop a strategy for attacking the unwary enemy. They usually split into two or more groups and agree to meet later at a predetermined location

11: Chagnon E-5 (1964-1968) 1968 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18

Everyone in the village gathered around the ashes and wept aloud. The bamboo quiver of the dead man was brought to the gourds, smashed, the points taken out, and the quiver itself burned. While this was going on, the mourners were in a state of frenzy, pulling at their hair and striking themselves, screaming and wailing. One of his brothers took a snuff tube and blew some of the drug into the gourds containing the ashes (see Fig. 5–4). The tube was then cut in half, one of the dead man's arrow points being used to measure the point at which the snuff tube was cut. I was never able to determine whether the arrow points taken from the quiver were possessions of the dead man or were, in fact, the points removed from his body. There were ten of them, and my informants were too touchy about the matter to be questioned in detail: I received affirmative nods to both questions. In any event, the ten bamboo points were distributed to the raiders, who fondled them and examined them carefully. Each man brought one with him on the raid that followed this ceremony. The severed snuff tube and the gourds of ashes were wrapped in leaves and put back in the thatch of the brother's house.

That night I think I became emotionally close to the Yąnomamö for the first time. I remained in my hammock and gave up collecting genealogies. As darkness fell Damowä's brothers began wailing in their hammocks. I lay there and listened, not bothering to tape record it or photograph it or write notes. One of the others asked me why I was not making a nuisance of myself as usual, and I told him that my innermost being (*bubii*) was cold—that is, I was sad. This was whispered around the village, and as each person heard it, he looked over at me. The children who inevitably accumulate around my hammock were told by their elders to go home and not bother me anymore. I was *husbuo*, in a state of emotional disequilibrium, and had finally begun to act like a human being as far as they were concerned.

The next day the raiders lined up, shouted in the direction of the Patanowä-teri, heard the echo come back, and left the village to collect their provisions and hammocks. I allowed them to talk me into taking the entire raiding party up the Mavaca River in my canoe. There, they could find high ground and reach the Patanowä-teri without having to cross the numerous swamps that lay between the two villages. There were only ten men in the raiding party, the smallest the war party can get and still have maximum effectiveness. As we traveled up the river, the younger men began complaining. One had sore feet, and two or three others claimed to have malaria. They wanted to turn back because I had forgotten to bring my malaria pills with me as I had promised. Hukoshikuwä (Fig. 5–3), a brother of the slain headman, silenced their complaints with an angry lecture on cowardice. I let them all out at the mouth of a stream they intended to follow. They unloaded their seemingly enormous supply of plantains and politely waited for me to leave. I sat among them and chatted, thinking that they were doing essential tasks as they fiddled with arrows and retied their provisions. Finally, one of them hinted that I should be leaving because I had a long trip and might not get home before dark. It was then that I discovered they were dallying, trying to be polite to me. They all thanked me for taking them upstream in my canoe, the only time Yąnomamö ever expressed gratitude to me, and I got in my canoe to leave. Hukoshikuwä came down to untie my rope for me and shove me off the bank. He watched, silently, as my canoe got caught up in the current and drifted away. He looked frightened, reluctant, anxious, but determined. After I had gotten my motor started and was under way, I looked back to see him turn, pick up his plantains and weapons, and disappear into the jungle. Even

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]

11: Chagnon E-5 (1964-1968) 1968 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18

he was not enthusiastic about going on the raid, despite the fact that he lectured the younger members of the raiding party about their overt reluctance and cowardice. He was older, however, and had to display the ferocity that adult men are supposed to show. In short, although Hukoshikuwä probably had very little desire as an individual to participate in the raiding, he was obliged to do so by the pressures of the entire system. He could ill afford to remain neutral, as his very own kinsmen–even Kaobawä–implied by word and action that it was disgusting for him not to avenge the death of his brother; and some of his kinsmen in other villages openly accused him of cowardice for not chasing the raiders when they shot Damowä. Again, his erstwhile allies, when they complained about having to feed him and his relatives, were blunt and discourteous. The Shamatari allies even managed to demand a number of women from Hukoshikuwä's group in payment for girls they had given them earlier, when the Monou-teri were superordinate in the alliance pecking order. In short, if Hukoshikuwä failed to put on a show of ferocity and vindictiveness, it would not be long before his friends in allied villages would be taking even greater liberties and demanding more women. Thus, the system worked against him and demanded that he be fierce. Since his own group was small, it had to protect its sovereignty even more rigorously, or be absorbed by a greedy ally whose protection would be tendered at the price of women.

Hukoshikuwä and his raiders did not locate the Patanowä-teri on this raid, although they searched for over a week. They knew it would be difficult to find them in the rainy season, largely because they would have to take many detours around impassable swamps. It was with this in mind that they brought their larger-than-usual supply of plantains.

The war was still being conducted, but on a lesser scale, when I returned to Monou-teri a year later. They had managed to kill two Patanowä-teri and abduct two women. The Patanowä-teri only killed one Monou-teri, the headman. Hence, the Monou-teri, at least for the time being, came out ahead. The Patanowä-teri will not cease raiding them until they kill at least one more Monou-teri, but then the Monou-teri will be obliged to avenge this death when it occurs.

There will probably be a respite to the raiding because the Patanowä-teri group fissioned and subsequently lost a significant fraction of their numbers. The Monou-teri have completed their move to the new garden and now live there. If the raiding stops, they will be able to live alternatively between their two gardens at any season. Otherwise, they can only occupy their old site in the peak of the wet season. Having two gardens makes them more independent of their allies, and they can again be aggressive in their political dealings with them. Since they have exchanged women with one of their Shamatari allies and are now living only a half-day's journey from them, they most likely will bind their political fate to the fate of this ally. Their relationships to the two Bisaasi-teri groups, on the other hand, will probably grow cool. Already, the Monou-teri have taken sides with their Shamatari allies in club fights against the Upper Bisaasi-teri, and they still resent the fact that the Lower Bisaasi-teri forcefully took one of the abducted Patanowä-teri women away from them. Despite the fact that the Monou-teri share a common history and common blood with the two Bisaasi-teri groups, they are now entering into a political situation that frequently leads such related groups to mutual hostilities.

[P. 138 is blank]